

A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes<sup>®</sup>

## Western

<sup>®</sup>

OCT.  
**10¢**  
NO. 35



In this issue: **THE FIGHTING TENDERFOOT**

# "LOOK!" made 'em ourselves"

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# GABBY HAYES

## AND THE CITY UNDER SAND

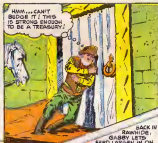
HEH, HEH!  
POLES SAID I WAS  
GOING TO CROSS THE  
DESERT IN TWENTY  
DAYS, BUT THERE  
AIN'T A BASSER!

A MIGHTY WIND BLOWS  
NO GOOD TO THE DAUNTLESS  
FOREMAN OF THE BAR  
NOTHING WHEN IT RIPS  
AROUND A SUMMER SECRET  
THAT HAS BEEN HIDDEN A  
THOUSAND YEARS!

AWK!  
I FEEL A  
DRAFT!

JOSHUA! THIS IS  
THE GRAND-GRAND OF  
ALL TWISTERS! IT'S  
TEARING THE DESERT  
TO PIECES!

**SWOOSH**









GABBY'S FEVERISH MANIPULATIONS GET PROMPT RESULTS.

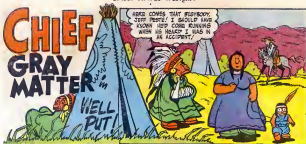








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PAGES IN EVERY  
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# WHEATIES

*"Breakfast of Champions"*


# YOUNG FALCON

## and THE HUNTER'S CREED

SAY, LITTLE BEAR, DO NOT COME DOWN SO HARD ON YOUR HEELS OR YOU WILL NEVER GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO A BUFFALO FOR A SHOT!

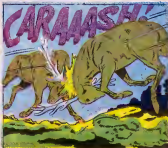
**YOUNG FALCON**, ONE OF ALL TIME, TAKES A GROUP OF BOYS INTO THE FOREST ONE DAY TO IMPART SOME OF THE WOODLAND WISDOM HE KNOWS SO WELL!

I THINK IT IS TIME TO TELL YOU WHO WILL SOMEDAY BE HUNTERS. THAT A REAL HUNTER IS, THERE ARE MANY WHO THINK A HUNTER STALKS AND KILLS JUST FOR THE SAKE OF KILLING.

THERE ARE MANY WHO DO THAT, BUT THEY ARE UNWORTHY OF THE NAME HUNTER! A REAL HUNTER IS A SPORTSMAN WHO PUTS HIS MIND AGAINST THE CUNNING OF HIS PREY. HE IS ONE WHO NEVER SHOOTING AN ANIMAL AT THE WATER-HOLE, NOR A MOTHER WITH HER YOUNG.

AND OFTEN A REAL HUNTER SHOOT'S NOT TO TAKE LIFE BUT TO SAVE IT! YES—A REAL HUNTER IS ONE WHO FOLLOWS THE RULES OF SPORTSMANSHIP, ONE WHO NEVER TAKES UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF THE HUNTED!





THE ONE WHO THROWS THE OTHER TO THE GROUND WILL BE THE WINNER— AND LEADER OF THE HERD FOR ANOTHER YEAR!



BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE CLEARING THE MIGHTY STAGS BATTLE!



AND SUDDENLY—



THE OLD LEADER OF THE HERD HAS DOWNED HIS FOE! HE HAS WON! NOW THE OTHER STAG WILL TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE HERD WITH THE REST!



AND THE GREAT OLD STAG SINKS TO THE GROUND, —TIED AND WINDIED FROM THE BATTLE. HE HAS WON THE RIGHT TO REST!



BUT SUDDENLY YOUNG FALCON'S KEEN EYES CATCH ANOTHER SOUND!



THE PUMA HAS SEEN THE STAGS' BATTLE. HE KNOWS THAT NOW THE OLD STAG IS TOO TIRED TO FLEE OR FIGHT BACK! THIS IS HIS CHANCE FOR AN EASY KILL!



THE PUMA IS LIKE MANY A TWO-LEGGED HUNTER WHO WOULD TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY FOR AN EASY MARK AND SHOOT THE GALLANT STAG.



MANY TIMES THE REAL HUNTER WOULD PREFER TO GIVE A LIFE THAN TAKE IT---LIKE THIS!



INSTANTLY, THE ARROW LEAVES YOUNG FALCON'S BOW!



ANOTHER ARROW FOLLOWS, AND THE PUMA, SURPRISED IN HIS PLAN, TAKES TO HIS HEELS!



HE WILL NOT RETURN QUICKLY, WHEN HE DOES VENTURE BACK, THE STAG WILL HAVE RESTED AND BE ABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF.

YOU SHOT ONLY TO SCARE THE PUMA AWAY, FALCON!



YIK, LITTLE BIRD, TO SHOOT EVEN A SCORPIONER WHEN HIS ATTENTION IS SO PREOCCUPIED IS NOT WORTHY OF ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF A HUNTER!

WE UNDERSTAND, YOUNG FALCON, A REAL HUNTER ALWAYS GIVES HIS PREY A FAIR CHANCE!



YOU HAVE TAUGHT US THE REAL MEANING AND DIGNITY OF THE TITLE OF HUNTER, YOUNG FALCON! WE WILL NOT FORGET!

GOOD! THEN LET US RETURN TO CAMP.



# GABBY HAYES *in* THE WILD HORSE ROUND-UP!

LET'S GO, MEN!  
THERE'S PLENTY OF FREE  
MEAT AT BURNT CANYON—  
A WHOLE HERD OF WILD  
HORSES!

GABBY! DON'T LET  
MUSTANG MIKE KILL  
THAT HERD! IT'S  
MURDER!



WELL HEARTLESS MUSTANG MIKE  
BUTCHER A SCOURGED BAND OF UN-  
TAMED HORSES! THE NEIGHS HAVE IT,  
NEIGH GABBY AND TIFFY BATTLE TO  
STAGE A WILD HORSE ROUND-UP!

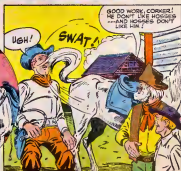
THAT CONSUMED HOSS-HATER  
CAN'T DO IN A WHOLE HERD  
OF HORSES!



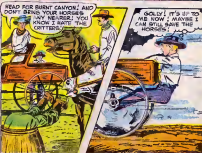
UGH!

SWAT!

GOOD WORK, CORNER!  
HE DON'T LIKE HORSES!  
—AND HORSES DON'T  
LIKE HIM!









CORNER, THE ONLY HORSE WHO CAN RUN SIDEWAYS,  
USES HIS RARE TALENT!



AFTER A SERIES OF FUTILE CHARGES, THE  
GROSSY STALLION GIVES UP!









# IN THE SOUP

*A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale*

*By Rod Reed*



**N**OW, fellers and girls, let's pretend we're all hunkered down around a blazing campfire, somewhere out on the prairie. There's the sweet smell of wood smoke all around us and prairie dogs a-howling, mournful-like, up in the hills. And yee old Uncle Gabby is gonna tell to you the story about Wild Willie Winger, the meanest, dead-shootin'est hombre that ever forked a cayuse.

Wild Willie Winger wasn't his real name. Most likely, when he was a baby, his mama expected him to grow up to be something important, like President of the United States or Foreman of the Bar Nothing Ranch, so she named him William or Wilbert or Willberforce. But when he got to be an owtloot, he kept his last name secret like all those shameful varmints do.

Somebody hung that handle, "Winger," onto him from the way he could aim a gun. He could bring down a buzzard on the wing without ever taking his Colt away from his hip. He was probably the second-best shot in the West, and no doubt he'd have been the best if I wasn't there.

Wild Willie Winger could have been a famous man if he had stayed on the right side of the law. He could've been a famous United States Marshal or something. And before I go any farther, let me give you kids a piece of advice that is better than solid gold: Stay out of jail! You can do that by always obeying the law, and you can take it from Gabby Hayes, a jail is a terrible place to be in. I was there once, and I know!

Here's how it came about. Slim Daggie, the sheriff of Rawhide, finally ketch'd Wild Willie after he had robbed the Eureka Mining Company office. (I would have ketch'd him, myself, only I was busy at the time testing some onion soup that Aunt Hester had made by a new recipe.)

Well, sir, they had the varmints, but they didn't have the loot. And Slim kept asking and asking Willie where he had cached the hoochie from the Eureka Mining Company, but Willie just wouldn't tell him, nobow. That's when I got one of my brainy ideas.

"Slim," I said, "this hombre doesn't know me by sight. Why don't you put me in the cell with him? Make out like I'm a badman. I'll tell him I've got a lot of loot hid somewhere so he'll want to go pards with me, and then he'll tell me where his loot is hid!"

The sheriff agreed that it might work. So he grabbed me by the collar and poked me in the ribs with his gun and hustled me toward the cell where Wild Willie was caged up. And as he pushed me through the cell door, Bodkins, his assistant, gave me a kick that sent me sprawling. Bodkins said after that he just did it for the sake of realism, but I got a notion Bodkins really enjoyed giving me that boot. He has always been jealous of me, but I reckon a man as great and famous as Gabby Hayes has to expect a mite of jealousy here and there.

Anyway, when I was alone in the cell with Wild Willie Winger, I told him I had a right smart bit of money stashed away in a good place. This was not a fib. I had it stashed in the National Bank of Rawhide!

My cellmate said, "I think you're full of hot air, you old cost!"

I growled back, "Don't talk tough with me or I'll tear you apart. You may be Wild Willie to some people, but to me you look like a Sweet William!"

He jumped me then and grabbed at my throat. But I didn't boller for help. Besides, I couldn't on account of his thumb on my windpipe. After a second or two he let go and said, "Listen, Purple Face, don't ever call me that again, or I'll choke you to death. The only reason I don't do it now is that the sheriff might raise a fuss

about having a corpse in his nice, clean cell. I hate to cause trouble for the sheriff."

I didn't call him "Sweet William" again, but of course, I would have if I'd wanted to.

We were in that cell together for quite a spell and all we got to eat was bread and water. I complained about it but Bodkins said, "You sidewinders are eating off the taxpayers. You're enough expense as it is. This is all you get!" He kind of chuckled as he said it.

But finally Aunt Hester heard I was in jail and she baked a cake and brought it herself. Well, even Bodkins couldn't stop Aunt Hester. She wanted me to have that cake and she brought it, and I got it. She sounded very sad when she spoke to me through the bars, saying she hoped I would mend my ways and not be an outlaw again. First . . . I thought it was a very good act and then it came to me all of a sudden. Hester wasn't in on the trick! She thought I really was a jailbird!

Of course, I couldn't explain to her and give the plan away. As soon as she was gone, I broke the cake in two and gave half of it to Wild Willie. I bit into my half hard. I was mighty hungry! And I dang near broke my jaw! I bit right smack, spang into a file that Aunt Hester had hid in my cake!

While I was still howling with pain, the cake and file fell to the floor. Wild Willie saw that file and his eyes lighted up. "Cool!" he exclaimed, "you just got yourself a pard! As soon as it's dark, we'll go to work on the cell bars with that there file and we'll be out, of here before morning!"

Friends, you know me. The last thing in the world I wanted was to help Wild Willie escape from the calaboose. But there wasn't anything I could do to stop him without giving the whole thing away. And I still hadn't found out where he hid his boddie.

So we took turns filing away at those cell bars and, when we got them loose from the windows, we sneaked out. We borrowed a couple of horses and started heading for the foothills. Once when I looked back I thought I saw somebody following us, but I reckoned it was only wishful thinking. After we were well out of town, Willie said, "Cool, I've got to hand it to you. You got us out of that place. Now tell me where you've got your money hid and

we'll get it and divvy it up the way pards should."

"Oh, no!" I said. "I'm the one that got us out. You've got to tell me first where you've cached your loot."

"I reckon that's fair," he said. He led the way up a narrow, stony trail to Suicide Rock. He dismounted. I did the same. He pulled a stone away from under Suicide Rock, saying, "I've got the stuff hid in here. I also have this!"

As he spoke he whirled. I saw that he had got a gun out from his hiding place. It was pointed at me. "Now," he said, "you tell me where your loot is hid. And if you don't—well, I ain't called Winger for nothing!"

Believe me, pards, I was in a real spot! I didn't have a gun so I couldn't fight back. And if I told him my loot was hid in the Rawhide National Bank he would sure have plugged me. Wild Willie was not the type of hombre to take a joke.

I was trying to think what to tell him, when there was a "Swoosh!" and a "Splash!" and Winger let out a yell, dropped his guns, and began scrubbing at his eyes with his hands.

Of course, I was just as surprised by all this as he was. But, being a man of action, I grabbed up his gun and had it trained on him by the time his eyes were cleared. And that's when Aunt Hester stepped into the scene. She was, as you could easily figure out, the only one who would know we'd break jail that night. She had watched and had followed us. She was bringing me a pail of onion soup. And when she saw Wild Willie pointing his gun at me, she stopped that whole pail of onion soup right into his eyes.

**T**HE EUREKA COMPANY gave a big reward for the capture of Wild Willie Winger and the recovery of the loot. I let Aunt Hester have the reward money. She made a big, fresh pot of onion soup and after a diet of bread and water—that was reward enough for me!

THE END

*Be sure to read the GABBY HAYES TALL TALK each month in GABBY HAYES WESTERN.*



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BOBCAT NEWS, YUH LOWDOWN  
TRAITOR! ANY FOREMAN WHO  
BETRAYS HIS BOSS OUGHT TO  
GET HIS EARS BEAT OFF!



THE BIG-MOUTH  
HEARD US! ONLY  
ONE THING TO  
DO NOW!

WHAT'S  
THAT,  
BOBCAT?



STRING HIM UP! A ROPE  
NECKTIE WILL MAKE HIM  
LOOK RIGHT WELL DRESSED!



SOON...

GREAT SCOT!  
THE FRIENDS ARE  
ABOUT TO HANG  
MY FRIEND!



RELEASE MY FRIEND  
— OR I'LL DESTROY  
YOU ALL!

SCOTTY!  
GO BACK!



SKED-Ddle YUH POOL,  
YUH CAN'T SAVE ME!  
THESE HOWBAGS  
ARE TOUGH!



I'M PRETTY TOUGH  
MYSELF!



I ALWAYS WANTED  
TO BE A COWBOY! I'VE  
PRACTICED SHOOTING  
AND ROPING SINCE  
I WAS A WEBB  
LADDER!







WAHOO!  
THIS IS A  
BIG BONNIE  
ROUND UP!

ULP!  
HE'S A  
COW-MAN  
RODDO!



BOBCAT, I GOT SOME  
UNFINISHED BUSINESS  
TO SETTLE!



YIPPER!  
TAKE TO THE  
STORM CELLARS!  
HERE COMES MY  
TORNADO PUNCH!

HEH, HEH!  
WHEN HE  
STOPS SPINNING  
I'LL SOCK HIM  
INTO THE NEXT  
COUNTY!



YOU'RE FIRED!

SOCK!



HEH, HEH!  
I THINK SO HARD I  
JUST BLEW HIM  
OVER! LOOKY THING I  
WAS HERE TO HELP  
YUH, SCOTTY! THIS  
HONNIE WILL BE  
IN JAIL FOR GUTS  
A SPELL!



FROM NOW ON  
I'M A WESTERNER,  
GABBY. I MIGHT  
AS WELL LOOK  
LIKE ONE!

YORE HANDS ARE  
WAITING TO MEET  
YUH, SCOTTY,  
THEY'RE GOOD  
WADDIES, BUT THEY'D  
NEVER STAND FOR  
KILTS!



HOOT MON!  
THEY'RE ALL  
WEARING KILTS!

YEP! WE HEARD  
WHAT YUH DID, SCOTTY  
---SO WE PUT 'EM ON  
AS A SIGN OF  
RESPECT!

I'LL BE  
SOBERNOGGLED!  
WHAT'S THE WEST  
COMING TO?



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152

Vol. 111  
 No. 1  
 1983

municipal recreation and police departments supervised picnic tables, picnic—city leaders estimate range of 1.0 to 1.5 million picnics annually. Small Council for Air Pollution.

[illegible]

**Abstract**

DAISY

## Air Rifles

572

[illegible]